hill side, and explored many more of the catacombs than the rest: had time or inclination later to explore. It is hard work, and the tombs all so ruined that I had no wish I am shewn attempt it, - if only she could visit the well-preserved & richly painted no. 35 at the foot of the hill, and the exquisite sculpture of the small tomb near it (in time of Amenophis 2nd or 3rd) - which she did on our last day. Sun was setting, and back we rode, crossing the river after dark, and hurrying off to dine (with Charles, & Gen. & Mrs. Stuland) on the Star, with our English acquaintances.

A very pleasant dinner, at close of which, being told it was Washington's birth-day, our host drank to his memory, & Charles responded with a health to the Queen. Three days after next day, I went with the Stuland's over the river again, to visit: 1st the tombs of the Assasif, - We took 2, one small, but good for the pictures of trades & occupations, the 2nd - the largest at Thebes - of a Priest, & we groped thro' all its many chambers, & started up dense swarms of bats, whose odor pervades the place. Then we revisited the excavation going on at Prince of Wales request, spread our lunch at in temple of Dayr el Medineh, sharing it with our Arab Consul Mustapha, and a strange pig of an Englishman with him "the rejected pig" as Mrs. Stuland styled him (cheerfully hangs a tale) - [to the story, not the pig, mind] But it turned out, in the sequel, that the poor fellow's head is cracked, and so his awful manners explained.

Note No. 1 Supplement.

Monday, 22nd Feb. We made our second visit to the W. side of the river (I am & Charles staying at home). The cavalcade formed on the beach, where, on leaving our boats we found the donkeys waiting, like patient, good spirits as they are, under the charge of their impish attendants. We rode in the fresh morning, - the old track over to near "the pair", which shew to best advantage at a moderate distance, - then to the Memnonium, which we looked over again, studying yet some of the battle-scenes of Rameses the Great, which are very fine and require time & patience to decypher, - then on to the curious & pretty, small, Ptolemaic temple of Dayr el Medineh, under the beetling cliffs. This contains many sculptures of a character, as to subjects, rather different from those in most temples, - mainly on the walls of three rooms, not larger than fair-sized bed-rooms. The most interesting one is that in which Osiris sits in character as judge of the dead, before whom the king (Philopator)

presents himself. Thoth, the recording angel, if we may so translate him, stands with his tablet, on which the actions of the deceased are noted down, while two other appropriate divinities are weighing in a balance his deeds, against an ostrich-feather, the symbol of truth; and the 42 judges, before whom the deceased must pass respectively, are sitting in a row above. Near by this, a lot of men were cutting their way through an entrance, blocked with long-accumulated earth, to an old tomb, which the Prince of Wales was having opened, to be ready on his return from up the river. In this earth the mummies of the poor had been crowded as thick as they could lie, & late mummies, no doubt, but at least 1900 years old. — and we saw the wretched things thrown out, like rubbish, some whole and yet in cerements, some in fragments. Before we left the sun was very hot; we returned to the temple, mounted, rode across the scorched plain and round a hill, both sides with tombs, and ascended the latter to visit as many as we could of the catacombs, which contain (like those of Beni Hassan & El Kab) so many representations of the trades, employments, & amusements of the ancient people, painted on their walls, — from which Wilkinson has drawn so many of his illustrations. It is well he has copied them: not a day too soon; for most of them are sadly dilapidated, and the rest are going fast. Some from scaling of the stucco on which they are painted (seldom if ever carved), some picked away by Arab boys and foreign travellers, many ruined by the breaking away of the fronts of the rooms. We lunched in one of them, just at its mouth, where some shade & air could be had; and while the rest were smoking their siesta, I scrambled alone over the

Before we left we had a good, tho' slightly lofty specimen of manners, on the part of the Duke of Sutherland & his young son, who were introduced to us, & were polite & pleasant. Then we crossed over to Dayr el Bahree, a very interesting ruined temple in a noble site. - which I have will write of. - and so home at night-fall. I forgot that, in the morning, we passed by & glanced at the old temple of Gournah.

Dr. Gray has supplied some of the days omitted, & Victoria has kindly copied her account of the Pantheon for me - They make notes too, I see -

No. 3. is something I omitted, about the little girls who ran with us all day & carry pails of water fine on their heads, some for their friends the donkey boys attendant & others for us, & simply they carried some for us - They were such pretty, graceful creatures, one Fraulein was to shield them, I remember about 12, & Fatmeh 15 - Only a coarse woollen garment, square cloth, pinned together down the front & at the sides, the face was covering through, & on the

head a dark, fine cotton head-kerchief falling in graceful folds. The males are clothed in a little waistcoat, & they run along unconcernedly on their little bare feet, a very pretty accompaniment to their escort. They had a bit of white stick in the male fowl's nose ring. And you should have seen the dignity & contemptuous look with which one drew herself up one day, when one of the party of young men who crossed us, said something she did not like!

The drawback was at night when we reached our boats, & there came the cry for backsheesh! When they seemed never contented, but would stand very most pathetically, real tears falling down, until the boats actually off & no more chance of getting anything, then turned & smiled & the most cheerful goodnights!